

worn by the horses, as they furnished the power for the threshing machine. Such wonderful memories of a life never to be forgotten, if you lived on a farm in the days of the horsepower threshing machine."

In 1878 McCormick had perfected his "self-binder" and the farmers thought nothing could beat it. This means of harvesting proved, in its rapidity and saving of the crop, so successful that gleaners following the harvester were entirely unnecessary. It did the work of five or six men. Still later came the "combined harvester" which cut the grain, threshed it and sacked it. New methods are being brought into action so that grain harvesting today has little or no resemblance to the tedious, hard labor of those early days. In those days each farm was a kingdom of its own, so harvest time was something to keep everyone busy.

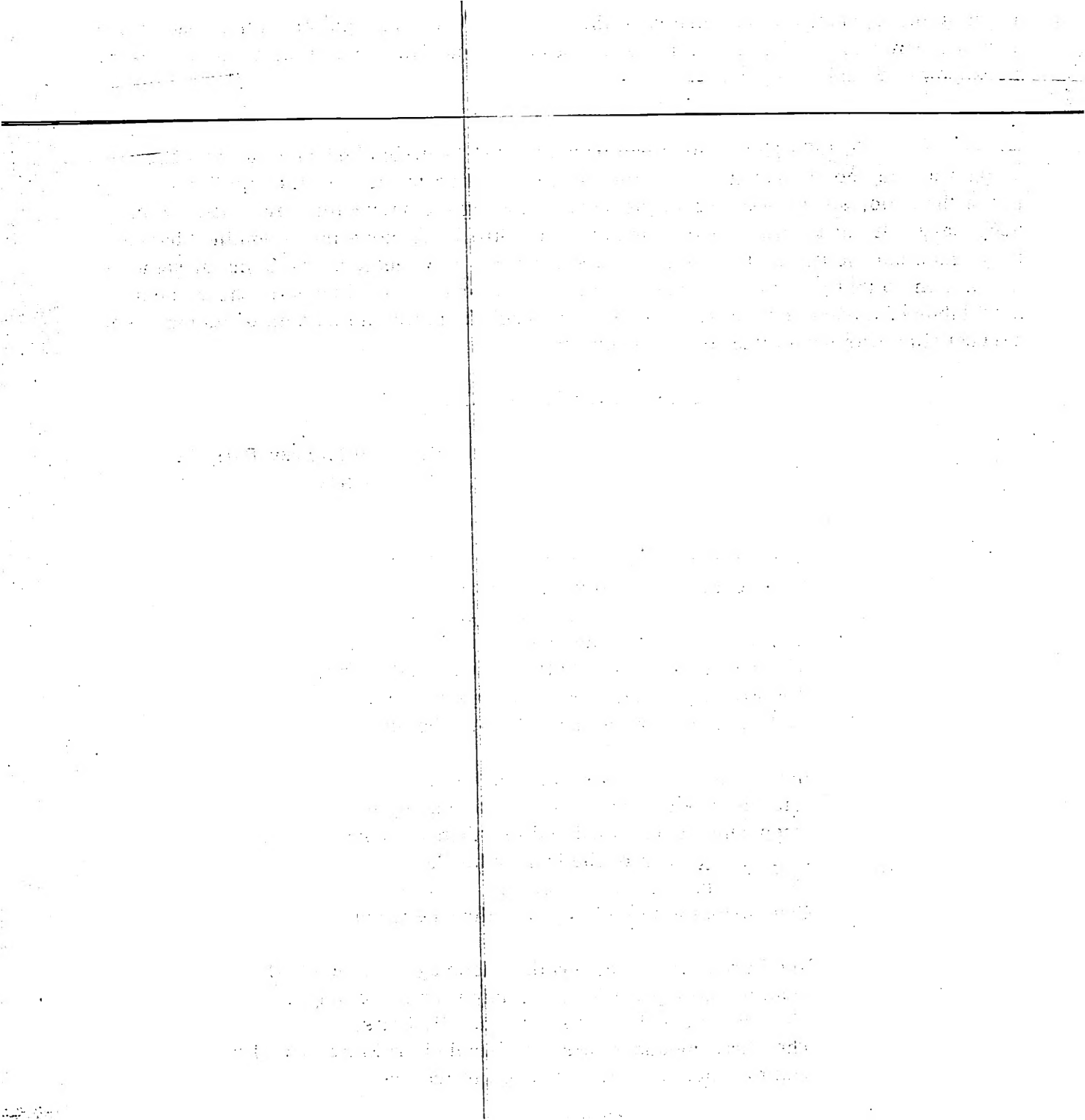
WHEN THRESHERS CAME

By Alice Morrey Baily in
Deseret News

Such gloried days as this will soon be gone
When calioptic whistles slit the dawn,
In heralding the threshers creeping roar
From farm to farm across the valley floor.
The wagons wait with balls of twine and sacks,
The granary stands apart with empty bins
And soon no shout will rise above the din.

Inside the kitchen bustling women vie
With neighbor women making cake and pie,
Preparing savory food and lengthened board
Against the rush of the hungry horde
For only these, the harvesters of wheat,
Can gorge the fabled way that threshers eat.

Red kerchiefed men, swathed deep against the chaff
Lean on their pitch forks, bandy work, and laugh.
The engine coughs and starts the oily belts,
The straw mound grows, the bundled grain stack melts.
The forkmen pitch with rhythm to the maw



The carrier belches forth its plumes of straw,
The sackers catch the stream of kernalled gold
The wagons shuttle forth to fill the hold.

This day is sliding down the historied trail
Of clumsy tools, with wind and scythe and flail,
Lost as turnstile's creaking, hour by hour,
Which measured out the sad-eyed horses' power.
Today a lone machine can harvest grain
A lone and hungry man comes home again.

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April 4, 1963. An era came to an end in Salt Lake Valley, possibly in the state, when the last bundle of wheat was put through a threshing machine. After thirty-three years of service the thresher owned by Dale and Dean Batement was used for the last time. This was the last machine in the valley to be operated annually. It was purchased in 1930 and for many years the Bateman sons and their father threshed thousands of bushels of grain in the south end of the county. Then came the combines. Dean said this old thresher was the fifth one owned by the family in the last hundred years. Reluctantly they tossed the last bundle of wheat onto the conveyor belt; minutes later the last of the chaff and straw flew out of the spout onto the twenty-foot high stack and so another era came to an end.

- - - Contributed to the Deseret News by
the Bateman family